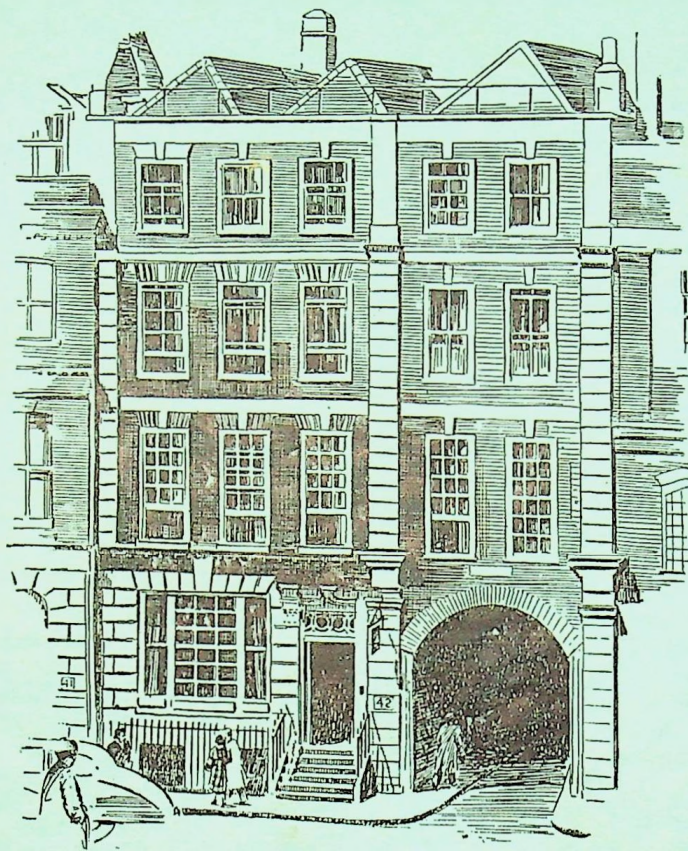


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THE LOG

Toc H Women's Association



CRUTCHED FRIARS HOUSE, Headquarters of Toc H Women's Association

JULY-AUGUST, 1959

NINEPENCE

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THE LOG

VOL. XXXIII .: NO. 4

JULY-AUGUST 1959

THE sun is out.

From my own office the roofs of London are lit and sharply shadowed and St. Paul's is a dome of historical discovery in the landscape. There is a world laid out below, the roof-lines from my sixth floor seem like character-writing.

This height gives things another perspective: I can see the spire of St. Bride's in Fleet Street; I can see a crane carrying the London sky-line higher; I can see a bunching green patch of trees . . . to-day there are no flags flying in my window-view, but there often are. It is high enough to make a separation from the tread of low heels, the click-click of high heels, the steady clomp of brogues along the pavements, yet the hum of the traffic comes up like the buzz of diligent bees gathering strange honey, and sometimes a gay band goes by: flickering over my typewriter, I am still part of it all, but enough away to find a short time of concentration—time to look round and see what's going on. Not only from six floors up . . .

For instance, what is going on in THE LOG.

The letter extract, p. 127, is one indication of something that is going on: not only because my piping piped a generous pound from the letter-writer's purse, but because she knew what I meant when I said I was whistling. I feel I have met her. Yet she is in hospital and I am up here, the door *shut*. This is the way the magazine can reach out all round the Association—if it seems real to its readers. And it *is* real to its readers if they take part in creating it . . .

Jean Perry has sent out her fourth bulletin on the great London Fayre—Caxton Hall, Westminster, October 29th, 1959. That Queen of Hearts competition is not yet organized, may never happen: but it is a *hope* in the mind. There is plenty more to be done in working for it . . . and there is much to be done to make the Fayre a success. Don't forget Jean's request for something interesting historically—we would like to have something that belonged, perhaps, to Nelson, to Napoleon, to Florence Nightingale, to the White Knight—a historical treasure! Something we could talk about . . . but don't send it without letting us know first and don't forget to register it when you do.

We know how valuable such a talking-point would be . . .

Editor: BARBARA VISE

“LIGHT”

NORMALLY observed at every Branch meeting, the ceremony of 'Light' is full of meaning and significance. In the midst of all the many things that go on in our Branch meetings, it stands by itself, in its simplicity and impressiveness, as a witness to those "eternal realities" to which we would point men. Taken properly and reverently—but not with ostentatious piety—and the Lamp being clearly seen by all present, this ceremony can and does (as we know in our own experience) inspire men and women to forgetfulness of self through the remembrance of lives nobly lived and the challenge to stand fast for the best things in life. Essentially, and in basic English, the ceremony gives us a weekly opportunity of taking our "hats off to the past, coats off to the future".

But are we satisfied that all our Branches are making this simple ceremony a vital part of the Branch meeting? Or has it, in some at least, become a perfunctory rite that must be "got over with" as quickly as possible in some spare moment during the evening? How strange, and inappropriate, it is that during the ceremony, the lights of the room extinguished and the flame of the Lamp alight, the eyes of so many members are shut! In doing this, we miss the full effect of the symbolism; for this shining in the darkness surely represents Christ's radiance in the world, and is a weekly reminder that there is no future for *Toc H* without Christ as the centre of our family life.

The flame in the darkness does, of course, remind us of the Elder Brethren, those lesser lights who have shone out along the way; but it stands supremely for Him Who came to be the Light of the world. Apart from Christ, our remembrance of the past is likely to be a sentimental attachment to old faces and old ways, a wistful longing for what has been and can never be again. Remembrance, however, is only part of the ceremony of 'Light'. If we stay in the past we have surely missed the whole point of its observance, for it is essentially a challenge, in the light of the example of the past, to Christian living in the present and the future. 'Light' is incomplete without an adequate emphasis on rededication.

THE act of remembrance, moreover, should not be unduly linked, if indeed at all, with the two major wars of this Century. The Lamp, modelled on the ancient lamps used by the early Christians in the catacombs of Rome, takes us back to the beginnings of the Christian Way, to the time when Christianity was an

S. V. EVANS, who joined the staff of Toc H in 1955, writes here an article that is controversial in its way of thought—and likely to spark off a lively mail . . .



underground movement. We are heirs to a rich inheritance which the self-sacrifice, the love and devotion of many men and women down the ages have made available for us; we are debtors to the saints of old; we can, moreover, never repay the debt we owe to Christ. Let our remembrance, then, be positive and joyous; for in a very real sense "they" are not in the past. As we take our stand around the Lamp we are reminding ourselves that we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses who still think of us from the great Beyond.

Every time I stand in a darkened meeting-place and see the penetrating flame of the Lamp I am reminded of the words of St. John, in his Gospel, concerning the coming of Jesus into the world—"In Him appeared life, and this life was the light of mankind. The light still shines in the darkness, and the darkness has never put it out". What a message for the world in which we live, and how well does this ceremony epitomize the Christian's Good News! So it is that the great cloud of witnesses and, above all, the light of Jesus Himself inspire us to go forward in thankfulness for past mercies and friendships and in the faith that the great Elder Brother Himself will be our companion in the days ahead.

ASKED to give a brief background about himself this is what Sam Evans, Headquarters Padre of Toc H Women's Association, wrote:

For 3 years before the war, I was articled to a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then came the war, and from 1939-1944 I served in the Friends Ambulance Unit at home and overseas—Finland and Norway and the Far East. I trained for the ministry in the Congregational Order at New College, London, 1944-47, and began my ministry as Assistant Minister at Princes Street Congregational Church, Norwich, 1949-55, Minister at Saffron Walden, the last two years of which ministry I was also Secretary of the Cambs. and Hunts. Congregational Union. I came on the Staff of Toc H in April, 1955. I am also a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, being a convinced Christian Pacifist, and of the Othona Community. I am married and have three children.

THERE is a 17th-Century hymn, written by Richard Baxter, that ably expresses some of the sentiments I have been trying to share in relation to the ceremony. Here are its first, and two other verses:

“He wants not friends that hath Thy love
And may converse and walk with Thee,
And with thy saints here and above
With whom for ever I must be.

As for my friends, they are not lost!
The several vessels of Thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.

Still we are centred all in Thee,
Members, though distant, of one Head;
In the same family we be.
By the same faith and spirit led.”

For my part—and here let a rebel share his feelings!—the words of Laurence Binyon are far from adequate to express the true significance of our remembrance, though they may have meaning for that decreasing number of *Toc H* men and women who lived through the days of the 1914-18 war. I find them neither positive nor Christian enough to make their weekly repetition satisfying and relevant to the real purpose of ‘Light’ and our trusteeship of the Lamp of Maintenance. They suggest to many outside the Movement an ex-servicemen’s organization, the British Legion, or Remembrance Sunday. And am I incorrect in suggesting that to not a few members of our Family they add nothing to the meaning of the ceremony and even perhaps detract from it? To me they neither convey the sense of the communion of saints (I use ‘saint’ in its New Testament sense) nor contain the challenge that should issue from remembrance.

Nevertheless, let ‘Light’ be a continual reminder of Christ’s call to everyman to practise in everyday life the faith that God is our Father and all men are brethren for whom the Elder Brother was content to give Himself to the uttermost.

DON'T FORGET

WE LIKE TO KNOW

WHAT YOU ARE THINKING—

THE LETTER PAGES GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO TELL US



the
 Sha
 Tin
 babies
 home
 - two
 fine
 photographs
 from
 Hong
 Kong
 see May-
 June LOG for
 A.B.S.M.'s
 thoughts
 about it



VERSEAS

ELISABETH WORTH puts together two pages of news from faraway places—tied closely together by their membership of Toc H Women's Association

KAMPALA Branch greeted our Patron with flowers during her visit to Uganda and several members were presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who asked some penetrating questions about the Toc H work there.

● ● ●

SANTIAGO Branch has worked for some years for the Araucanian Indian Mission. Gifts of food, soap and clothing are made each year and knitting undertaken. Last December members attended a special service in Santiago for the Mapuche Indians, conducted by Padre Franklin and a Mapuche clergyman, who was ordained at the Mission in the south of Chile. Some of the hymns were sung in their native language, Mapodongo, and one of their babies was baptised. After the service our members joined the Mapuches at tea.

● ● ●

Somewhat unusual publicity is provided for **CENTENARY** Branch Natal, whose members take out a set of small boys on Sundays from the St. Martin's Home. The job is thus described: "The set must include Daniel: the venue, the Children's Paddling Pool. To advertise Toc H, Daniel does tricks in the Pool, then yells "Toc H Look Hek" or "Toc H Look at me", a cue for all eyes to turn on them. So far the onlookers are not very impressed and it has not resulted in a marked increase of prospective members!"

● ● ●

On March 19th the **SINGAPORE** Branch of Toc H Women's Association received their lamp at a meeting at Talbot House, Singapore. Nearly all the members of both Branches (Singapore and the Naval Base) were present, and the Rev. Kenneth Oliver was a delightfully informal chairman. After a delicious buffet

supper in the dining-room, everyone went upstairs to the meeting-room over the porch, where Miss Macfie first read the description of the Lamp so that everyone might know what it stood for, and then handed the Lamp to the Branch Secretary. Both the Men's and the Women's Lamps were lit for the Ceremony of Light.

Members and friends from **NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH AFRICA RHODESIA, UGANDA, KENYA, GAMBIA, AND PAKISTAN** attended the party for overseas members held at Crutched Friars House on 29th May. Greeting them were staff members and others from our own two headquarters, and those of other societies with whom we have a close working relationship and whom we were delighted to welcome.

This photograph is from Singapore: left to right: Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Crofts, Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Aspin, Mrs. Bolton, Miss Mranson, Miss Macfie, Mrs. Harrod, Mrs. Metherell, Mrs. Lester-Dunn, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Howard-Clitty, Mr. Aspin and Mr. Cowan



V ALUE for MONEY

IN 1957, a group of enthusiasts converted an old garage in Bethnal Green into an office. They were not motoring enthusiasts—the garage just happened to be the cheapest available accommodation for the nucleus of the Consumers' Association, who had no money, no staff and not much hope for the future.

The Consumers' Association now has a membership of about 150,000, and continues to carry out its aim of helping shoppers by giving them factual information about the goods and services they can buy. This is done by submitting the goods to stringent scientific tests and reporting the results of these tests in "WHICH?", the magazine of C.A.

The reports in "WHICH?" are straightforward, frank and unbiased. They compare the qualities of the good tested, range them, where possible, in order of merit, and recommend 'Best Buys'. Where "WHICH?" is probably unique is that the names, brands, and prices of all goods tested are published in full, irrespective of whether the report about the particular article is favourable or not. "WHICH?" has in the past flatly disrecommended goods that were proved inferior.

Apart from actual goods, C.A. has dealt with such things as hire purchase, bank charges, cut-price groceries and seals of approval.

Anyone can join the Consumers' Association and so receive "WHICH?" regularly, at an annual fee of £1. This covers 12 consecutive issues of "WHICH?" starting with the current number.

AMONG the goods tested by C.A. and reported on in "WHICH?" are electric kettles, toothpastes, bathroom scales, ball-point pens, washing machines, steam irons, orange drinks, aspirins, electric convector heaters, draught excluders, talcum powder, fog lamps, egg beaters, electric razors, and tinned stewed steak.

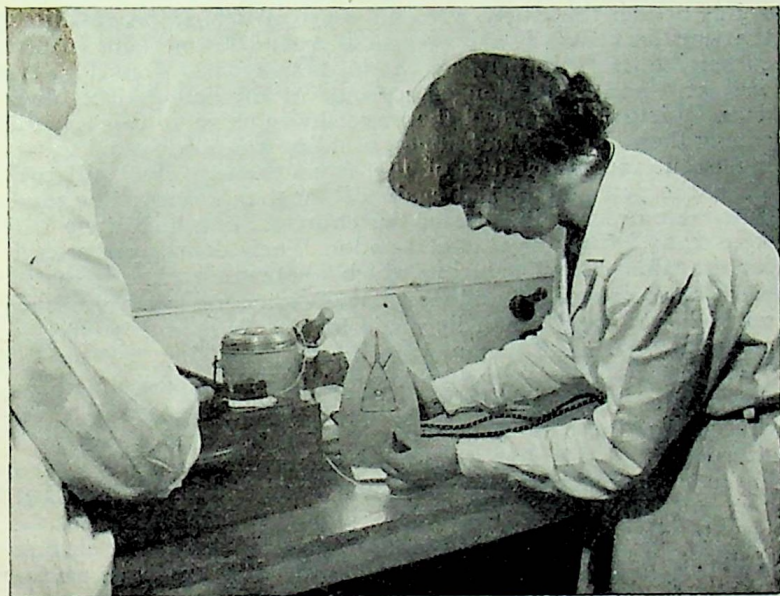
All the goods tested by the Association are bought over the counter as an ordinary shopper would buy them, to make sure that they are of the same standard as those bought by any other shopper.

EDITH RUDINGER writes an article about an Association, membership round about 150,000, whose aim is to help shoppers

C.A. accepts no gifts from manufacturers, has no Government grant or subsidy from industry, and is completely independent. The finance for the work derives from membership fees only and a great number of members have expressed the view that they have saved their subscription fee many times over by following the advice in "WHICH?".

C.A.'s testing is carried out to specifications in independent laboratories and research institutions. User tests are carried out at domestic science colleges or by housewives at home, and the office of the Association is no longer a Bethnal Green garage but a house at 333 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Testing an electric iron for the report in Which?—a thermocouple is being fixed on to the sole-plate of the iron to read the temperature. The vacuum flask shown behind the measuring instrument (a potentiometer) is to maintain the temperature of the thermocouple at the temperature of melting ice



DREAMS COME TRUE—so said Arthur Mee over twenty years ago in a book of stories, true stories, for children; and here on Tower Hill, which is soon to become the home of Toc H Headquarters, one has seen miracles happen year after year, dreams becoming reality. Long may the work of transformation continue, so that men may bless the day when Toc H came this way.

TOWER HILL

yesterday and to-day

WHEN first I knew Tower Hill it was immediately after World War One. There I found a very different state of affairs from what meets the eye to-day. Everything seemed to be rather drab, in appearance, anyway. Perhaps this was due to the prevailing sex of the city clerk—male clerks in dusty and dark-coloured clothing did nothing to cheer things up!

But besides this, there were no points of relaxation and little that was beautiful. There were, it is true, a few gardens in odd corners, squeezed in between the buildings. They were not very well kept and had belonged to some of the churches of other days. Quietly they invited the passer-by to come and sit a while among their ancient tombstones, nibbling a sandwich and thinking about the insecurities of life, from twelve o'clock till two, when the gate was locked again till next morning! The same time-table ordered the life of the churches, of which there still were many left in the City of London. Their doors were opened for the dinner hours, during which an organ recital might be given or a service held, and closed again when the last city worker seized his hat and hurriedly made his way back to his office in one of the dark and narrow lanes nearby.

When first I tried to get to know All Hallows, the church on the crest of Tower Hill, it was half asleep; like so many of the churches of the City of London. My call was made late in the afternoon and therefore I found the church shut. I left a note in the letter box, saying I was coming again and hoped for better luck next time. Eventually when I did get inside, its beauties were indeed obscured by the dust of ages. Outside, the shadow of the big warehouse which topped Tower Hill, threw its garden into the shade and added to the gloom.

There is never a moment when "the Hill" is not, in one way or another, topical but here A. B. S. MACFIE sums up its yesterday and today for a special moment of topicality . . .

There were no open spaces on Tower Hill in those days, where office boys could kick a football about, though indeed I did know of one effort in a big room on a second floor, to which Scouts and others made their way and passed their midday break with their chums, playing table tennis and drinking cups of tea. But apart from this there were no open spaces, no games or playgrounds for children or for young people: no seats for the elderly or the aged to rest in, no flowers to look at, nothing to send anyone back to work refreshed in mind and body.

There were, of course, the speakers on the cobbles of Tower Hill, and the arguments of the old hands who carried on the course of discussion well into the afternoon—they were not in any hurry, were they listening or answering back: they belonged to the army of the unemployed.

The police wandered around, keeping an eye on everybody and seeing that nobody went too far in his denunciation of "things as they were".

As a symbol of life on Tower Hill in those days let me tell you about the Peanut Lady.

THE Peanut Lady lived on Tower Hill—I mean that quite literally. There she was, day and night, week middles and week-ends, on a corner where the steps which curved round the hill joined a wall. And there she stayed—having a tray of nuts as her visible means of support, though indeed, no one ever saw her sell any of them. She bandied words with the men who stood around that part of the hill, her language making even the Billingsgate fish-porters' traditional expressions seem thin and pale.

At week-ends the Peanut Lady took a stroll to the Public Baths where she washed the bits and pieces which composed her wardrobe. She brought them back with her and spread them out on the wall to dry. Sometimes she had a big fire blazing there and sometimes she even cooked herself a meal. On other Sundays she would fancy a bit of the dinner we sent down to her from our house, which overlooked her home, but not often.

At night, when all was quiet on the Hill, a bundle of rags and old bits of sacking could be seen in the corner where she had sat during the day. I have seen a man going past, give the bundle a kick to feel what was in it. He would recoil in amazement as the bundle unfolded and a brown wizened face appeared in its centre, and he heard curses spitting out and himself consigned to the nether regions.

The Peanut Lady had a treasure which once she showed me—an old, worn copy of the Book of Common Prayer. She never read it, and I doubt if she could; but she knew what it was about and she kept it carefully in her innermost pocket.

The Peanut Lady is not in her corner on the Hill to-day—she disappeared during the last war: but in any case the post-war pattern of Tower Hill doesn't allow for such a personality.

DURING the 1930's things began to happen . . . And here I am not referring to the girl typists and stenographers who had invaded the City offices. A certain body called Tower Hill Improvement had come into being and was beginning to change the look of the Hill. The first thing that happened was the opening of Tower Beach for the children. Now children have always used the foreshore of the Thames as their playground at low tide. They found their way down to it by the narrow stairs which lay between the wharfs and warehouses, and played on the finest playground in the world—often, alas, to their own disadvantage. They would be caught and squeezed between two lighters, rocking on the waters; they would be held marooned on a curve of sandy beach, as the tide came in; they would swim and dive in the dark and muddy water, and sometimes they were drowned.

A piece of the foreshore, just below Tower Wharf, was, with the Royal Consent, claimed for the use of the children. A new way down to it from the wharf above was made; it already had some sand on it, and more was added. A beach Guard was provided to look after the children's welfare. And on a summer day in 1933 it was dedicated by the Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, and opened by Lord Wakefield. The first step towards improving Tower Hill had been taken, amid the resounding cheers of the children of Stepney and Bermondsey.

There followed in quick succession gardens with seats to sit on and flowers to look at; and (since the last war) yet more gardens, set this time on a foundation of the bricks and mortar of the houses which ringed Tower Hill and were destroyed by enemy action—they may be dry and stony but they bear flowers just the same.

A few years ago, the remains of the big warehouse which stood on the Hill were demolished and the site turned into a big open space surrounded by a low wall and paved, so that the city people can sit there in the sun (when we have it) and eat their lunches on the seats provided. All through the day thousands of visitors who come to the Tower, walk across it and throw their crumbs to the pigeons and the sparrows—I wonder if you have done this? Sometimes there may be a special event in which to take part—a concert, a service for the wheel-chair fellowship, or some Morris Dancing.

LAST summer a games ground was added to the list of amenities. At the corner of Tower Hill and the Minories, deep down in the cellars of a bombed house, Princess Alexandra threw the ball which opened the first game of basket-ball on the Toc H Games Ground; thus providing an outlet for the energy of the teenage population of the City and Stepney.

On the crown of Tower Hill stands All Hallows Church which was bombed and burnt during the war, nothing is left of it except the lower part of its outer walls and the old Tower at the West end. Now rebuilt, it spreads its benediction over the scene, and from its new spire the bells send out a greeting to all in the neighbourhood. The restoration took many years and was only accomplished with difficulty and with the generous help of Toc H members and friends in countries overseas. A sixty foot Christmas tree grown in Sweden and given by the Swedish Chamber of Commerce (which has its London headquarters just opposite), stood last Christmas in the garden at the East end of the church. The scene was illuminated by its three hundred little lights and the bright star which shone steadily over them. Tower Hill is like that tree to-day, sending out a message of happiness and cheer to the passer-by who looks and listens.

A fuller description of that picturesque character, the Peanut Lady, and of the opening of the Children's Beach may be found in "Tower Hill People" on sale for 9d. at All Hallows Church and Crutched Friars House.

"WE WILL REMEMBER"



Florence Pickard—*Huddersfield*. 17.5.45—17.3.59
 Mrs. Forbes—*Builder (Coupar Angus)*. 6.11.56—Mar. 59
 Ivy Smith—*Overseas*. 1948—19.12.58
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● from small beginnings

AT four years old my affections were centred on an outsize periwinkle growing along the front of the shrubbery, a climbing blue plumbago in the greenhouse, and among wild flowers, the scarlet pimpernel. When we moved to London, my mother started a collection of auriculas, Show, Self and Alpines, housed in two large frames and a smaller annexe, and I soon learned to recognize them by their foliage and habit of growth. Only the Alpine section did actually flower, but I loved them all alike. When the re-potting season arrived, I was trusted to set the stage in every detail—the wooden trough half full of carefully prepared compost, newly scrubbed pots and drainage, finely powdered charcoal to apply to cut “carrots”, a camel's hair brush to deal with greenfly, a dish of soap and water to free the roots from woolly aphis, a sharp penknife to sever promising off-sets not yet rooted. Though tucked up comfortably in minute pots with glass covers to fit, they used to succeed as often as not.

We moved about a good deal, and a nursery grower's combined stock of auriculas and carnations widened our horizon. Soon a nice colony of named kinds—wire, medium and heavy edged, (as they were called then), also flakes and picotees—was formed at the top of a long garden, doing quite well in very sandy soil, and I learned the art of layering and other processes with the aid of a handbook. Here, primulas came into the picture and we found that though *P. japonica* was content with the soil below, the *denticulas* would only thrive in an odd patch of peat, high up against a boundary ten-foot holly hedge.

Years passed, bringing many changes and near the end of the last war I came up to London with plenty of voluntary work waiting for a newcomer but no scope for my gardening activities. Till someone gave me a ticket for a meeting of the London Gardens Society, and I gathered that they wanted helpers to grow young plants from seed for distribution in the London area; and that at least I knew I could undertake if a bit of garden ground could be found—not an easy proposition. However, the L.G.S. obtained the loan of a plot 34 ft. × 27 ft. in size, including narrow paths. When I first saw it in mid-July, it was full of seedling weeds, 2 ft. high, but luckily they were the weeds of a light soil, so I set to work and here every scrap of useful experience acquired in the past came into play. So began my first trial of seed sowing in London, without an inch of glass, or even a seed-box.

But I learned long ago that a garden will make an excellent and willing ally, provided that she is always the senior partner and that all her wishes, peculiarities and even prejudices are

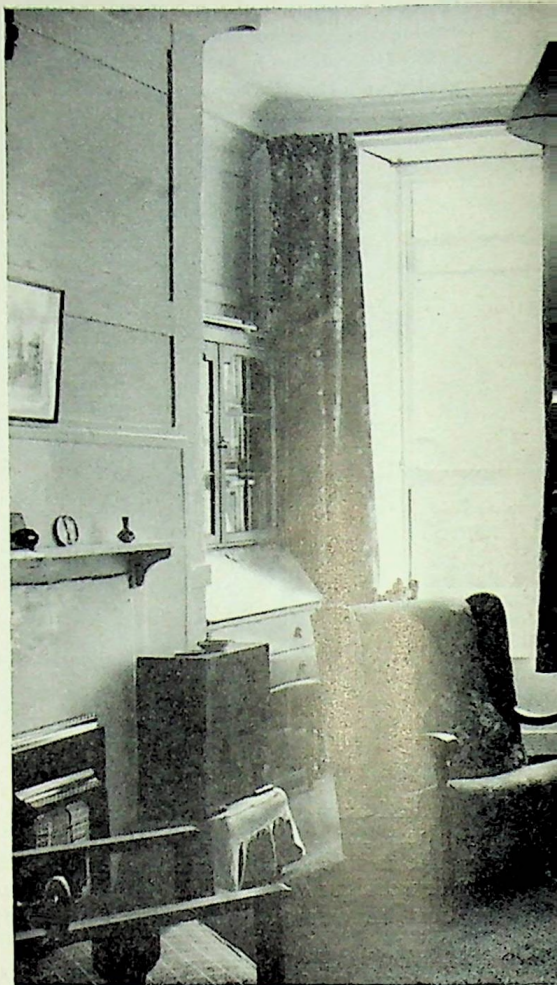
By kind permission of the National Primula and Auricula Society (Southern Section) we re-print this article of potted wisdom, from their Year Book, 1958. The author is M. D. GASKOIN, who divides her time between her garden and Toc H Women's Association lunch-club—both demanding tasks!



studied and duly respected. Before long, I was able to answer an appeal for about 250 plants, to furnish five window-boxes and various side gardens in a badly bombed site, and from that time the work grew steadily and now forms an annual event in twenty-four Centres in the London area allotted to my care by the Society.

The average output amounts to round about 10,000 young plants, raised from seed, grown on, counted, packed, labelled with their names, and delivered in person as there is no other means of transport. It sounds fantastic if not impossible, to attempt fitting in a job on this scale with other voluntary work. But as we know, healthy expansion breeds increased capacity for dealing with it without extra strain. And I feel honoured to have a share in this admirable device for bringing beauty into troubled or lonely lives, and so "making the wilderness blossom like the rose".

**a room
at
crutched
friars
house**



● **T**HE gallant life of Henrietta Emily Eckenstein, Associate Member of Toc H Women's Association for 20 years and a Member of the Order of Women Freemasons for 26 years, was remembered in a Service of Thanksgiving conducted by Tubby in the Porch Room at All Hallows by-the-Tower, on Thursday, 14th May, in



connection with the naming of a room at Crutched Friars House in Miss Eckenstein's memory. The room has been re-decorated and re-furnished by a generous gift from Members of the Order. This is the first room at Crutched Friars House to be sponsored.

Is this an example which an Area might like to follow?

“WHERE NEXT? our club in a

IN the heart of the New Forest, 130 young people from up and down the country, joined together to think over, discuss and listen to extremely interesting talks on this intriguing theme.

After lunch on Saturday, the conference began with the Association Prayer led by the Rev. Canon Patey, who was later to become a “leading light” throughout the weekend.

The Chairman then welcomed delegates, observers and others, and read messages conveying good wishes from different parts. In his opening remarks, he likened the conference theme to the keel of a ship; the work done by the Members’ Councils and Regional Conferences, the building of the framework, and now, in opening the National Conference, he was launching the ship and leaving it to the delegates as to whether it gained an even keel.

Canon Edward Patey—a Canon of Coventry Cathedral—was our first speaker, and the title of his talk “You and the changing World”. Canon Patey described the different changes that he had seen over the past 30-40 years. The development in cars and radio and a humorous story woven around each, were two vivid examples in his mind! He then drew attention to two more recent, more important changes—that of National Health and National Insurance and, in general, the high standard of living we now have. We have more money to spend, more things in the shops to buy, in fact, he continued, we are really living in a land of super abundance. In pointing out the interesting changes in personal relationships, he stressed points such as that we young folk are to-day far more conscious of being “youth” than ever before. The marriage-age is much younger and statistics showed that there were now far fewer bachelors and spinsters than in previous years. Men were beginning to take a hand with the housework, but from comments made after his talk, this was *not* found altogether entirely agreeable!

Canon Patey went on to say that another 50 years will no doubt produce even more changes, and that we must go forward into new and changing circumstances, but in doing this, not to forget to take the good things of the past with us.

The Regional findings produced varied views and ideas on the New Responsibilities, New Opportunities and New Freedoms we now have, and provided an interesting session for us “on-lookers”.

This session ended, we were packed off to our rooms to prepare for the social, which was named in our programmes as “Kafe Kontityrrel”. We were asked to dress ourselves in some form of costume representing to-day’s young people, and it was amazing to see what an “odd set” to some minds we are. At 8 p.m. we were allowed into the conference hall, which in approximately 30 mins. had been transformed into a “Continental Night Club”.



This was the conference theme of the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs held at Avon Tyrrell, Hampshire, at Whitsuntide, and here reported by TERRY MAILES, a member of Toc H Women's Association headquarters staff

WHIT Sunday dawned heralding a dull but promising day, and over 50 of us, from many denominations, met in a very simple way in an ordinary room to celebrate the service of Holy Communion, led and explained by Canon Patey.

After breakfast, the entire conference met for the Family Service, the fitting theme of which was "Friendship". Canon Patey gave the address in which he explained the meaning of Whit Sunday. As in June we would be embarking on World Refugee Year, it was decided that our offerings be given to the work for Refugees, and a sum of approximately £17 was collected.

The next session on our programme was on Resolutions which under the Chairmanship of a very lively young Welshman, were speeded through in record time!

For 2½ hours after lunch we were free to roam as we pleased. This meant for some, just lazing in the sun, or for the more energetic, such activities as swimming or tennis.

Seven discussion groups were formed after tea, when in small groups of 15-20 we were allowed to speak our minds.

After that evening a panel of five speakers discussed informally such topics as Trade Unions, Race Relations, Politics, etc., and their ideas were then criticised in a friendly way from the floor.

After the Annual General Meeting the conference ended.

A HOLIDAY in the

I had often thought that if I could only see the Lake of Galilee and the hills of Judea, the Bible would be so much more real to me. Now, having been to Israel and Jordan, I would like to share with you a few of the highlights.

We were a mixed group of 30, mainly Anglicans who booked individually with Inter Church Travel, and came from various parts of the British Isles. A special charter plane took us over the Alps to Rome and onwards next day the rest of the 2,500 miles to Lydda. The views of the snow-capped mountains, green valleys, waterfalls, innumerable islands, blue sea, the splendid food and the comfort of the plane, were a wonderful start to our holiday.

It was 10 p.m. when we landed and had to curb our eagerness until the sun and bustle awoke us next day at 5 a.m. Work starts early to avoid the heat, and the New Israel uses every valuable moment to get on with the job in hand.

Two of my first impressions were the loveliness of all the flowering trees, jacaranda, bougainvillea, hibiscus, oleander, and the fields ready for harvest in May.

Our first drive through the countryside following the blue Mediterranean coastline to Caesarea, across the plain of Sharon, with wonderful views of Mount Carmel and the plain of Jezreel, brought us to Nazareth. The streets are still very narrow, animals still come to drink at Mary's well, the ruins of the old synagogue and the local shops, dress and customs, need time to explore. Nearby we saw the women at the well at Cana actually carrying water pots on their heads.

IT was dark when we arrived at the Italian Hospice on the Mount of Beatitudes which was run by Italian nuns. Three peaceful days ahead of us, no papers, no postmen, no telephone, no distractions. The sun called us all about 5 a.m. for our first glimpse from our balcony window of the Lake of Galilee. It was indescribable. The little fishing boats, the hills, the blue of the water was all we had hoped, and it is unspoilt and a haven of peace for those who are there. Thousands of twittering sparrows in the old trees in the overgrown garden called us outside, where we joined together at 7.30 a.m. each morning for Holy Communion. We needed no church, and our altar was a stone table with a most wonderful view of the lake beyond. It brought us all near to Our Lord and is a treasured memory for many of us.

HOLY LAND

SYLVIA BEAMAN writes an article about her last year's holiday because she hopes to spur on others to think about one like it . . .

A mile away was the ruin of the old city of Capurnaum, a place of the past with interesting specimens of oil presses, mill stones, flour mills, etc. Nearby was a little church commemorating the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, with floors of mosaic portraying animals, birds, and flowers of the locality. Right on the lakeside itself and hidden among a grove of trees was a tiny church named after St. Peter to mark the spot where he was called to "Feed my lambs". It is actually built on the rock adjoining the lakeside and the altar is an uncut piece of the rock itself. We saw a man riding on a donkey with his wife carrying luggage trudging happily behind; little children at the village school being taught by repeating things out loud sing-song; women washing their clothes at a spring and hanging them to dry on a nearby thorn bush. There was an unforgettable view of Mount Tabor, a hill miles from anywhere, from where on a clear day, one is supposed to be able to see Jerusalem. The countryside has much to show and crops include dates, bananas, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, grapefruit, vines, olives, tomatoes, peppers tobacco, etc. Modern machinery and methods of irrigation, plus hard work and a determination to succeed, have worked miracles in some parts of Israel. It is a land of contrasts, a photographer's paradise, particularly for colour slides.

A motor-boat took us one glorious afternoon in an hour over the lake, and coming back the wind arose and waves lashed the small boat. We thought of "the storm on the lake", and it became real to us.

On leaving Galilee we travelled by coach along the road to Jerusalem remembering Our Lord's last journey. The Old City, standing up on the hill with its walls and guarded gates, needs a whole book to tell its wonders. A week was too short to see all the Holy Sites, to go over the bare Judean hills to Bethlehem and the shepherds' fields, and to see the village of Ein Karem where John the Baptist was born. There are many beautiful churches and shrines to visit, decorated with wonderful mosaics. Short walks to Bethany, Bethphage and the Mount of Olives. The olive trees, centuries old, in the quiet Garden of Gethsemane. One afternoon we went to the Garden Tomb where one can sit quietly and re-picture the Resurrection. The old city walls are a constant reminder of stirring tales of past history waiting to be re-read.

Hezekiah's Tunnel can still be seen, and donkeys heavily laden daily tread the narrow streets, and the open markets have to be seen and smelt to be believed. Barefooted children and Moslem women heavily veiled and dressed in black seem out of place among the modern taxis and hooting cars, which have no speed limit.

In the lovely arable country district of Samaria, yoked oxen were still treading the corn, camels given water at the well and we were taken to see the Samaritans and their Pentateuch. This tour included Jacob's well and the river Jordan, also the ruins of the walls of Jericho, and on down to 1,000 feet below sea level and 110° in the shade, to the Dead Sea. After a bumpy ride over the wilderness, we climbed up to the ancient Essene Monastery and saw the caves where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found.

The weather was perfect for our whole trip: which included a night in Athens and Rome on our return. Have I set you thinking about when you will go? I hope so.

Details of Christian Holidays can be obtained from the following:—

Inter Church Travel, Fulham Palace, London, S.W.6.

Pathfinder Fellowship, 201 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

London Diocesan Council for Voluntary Religious Education, St. Andrew's Vicarage, St. Andrew Street, E.C.4.

Lee Abbey, Lynton, Devon.

Church Missionary Society Summer School, 6 Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

a training day

ON 30th May over 60 members from the South Wales and Monmouthshire Area attended a successful Training Day in Cardiff. The speaker, Jan Sheppard, gave us an illuminating talk on Refugees, which was highly appropriate just before the start of Refugee Year. It gave us all something to think about and made us appreciate fully the many things in our lives which we take for granted. All of us resolved to do all we could for this good cause. This was followed by Group Discussions on the basic principles of Toc H, such as "What does Toc H mean to you"; "Why is it not extending"; "the Second Mile", and when the Groups reassembled after tea to report their findings, many valuable and highly interesting points came out, and even more illuminating was Jan's (a fairly new-comer to Toc H as she put it) point of view on each topic.

SHIRLEY JONES

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

To stay on the very shores of the Lake of Galilee and see the morning sunlight glistening on the snow-capped summit of Mount Hermon . . . To visit Nazareth, Cana, Capernaum and the Mount of Transfiguration . . . To stay in the Holy City and walk in the steps of The Master from the Garden of Gethsemane, along the Way of Sorrows, to Calvary itself . . . To explore Bethlehem and Bethany, Jericho and the Dead Sea. And besides all this, to stand on the Acropolis at Athens, and to see St. Peter's, Rome: This indeed is your dreams come true—the chance of a lifetime.

1959 CHRISTMAS DEPARTURE

21st December to 7th January

Including Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Jordan the Sea of Galilee, etc., Israel. Visit to Rome on outward journey and on return journey two nights in Athens allowing for spending the 6th January, the Orthodox Christmas, in Athens.

By air, price 112 gns.

1960 PROGRAMME

Subject to Governmental approval.

SUPER VISCOUNT AIRCRAFT

Length of holiday—17 days

Departure dates April 7th and 19th, May 3rd,

17th and 31st, June 14th and 28th, July 13th.

Inclusive cost—105 gns.

MAKE YOUR EARLY RESERVATION NOW

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NOTES and NEWS

SUMMER HOLIDAY WEEK, Felden Lodge, Hemel Hempstead, 25th July to 1st August—there are still a few vacant places. Members of Toc H, Toc H Women's Association and their families and friends are welcome. Write to Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3, for further details.

BELRA GARDEN PARTY, July 18th, 1959, is at The Holme, Bedford College, Regents Park, London, N.W.1.

PEOPLE TO PEOPLE WEEK, 22nd to 28th November, 1959—a reminder that plans should be made in good time to ensure a successful week.

CRUTCHED FRIARS HOUSE may be on your visiting list when you are coming to London? Lunches are available from Monday to Friday from 12 noon—2 p.m. If members want to visit the house at week-ends, they are asked to write in advance so that arrangements may be made for a resident to be on the spot to show them around.

FERNDOWN men and women's Branches joined together and bought a hut which has been erected and decorated by both Branches. We, the Women's Association Branch, writes F. E. Appleby, had our official Opening on March 25th. Members from Poole, Bournemouth and Wimborne Branches attended, and Dorothy Cook of Christchurch, who first started our Branch, was our principal guest and reopened our meetings in the hut.

OXFORD AND THAMES VALLEY DISTRICT, reports Freda M. Hadwin, had a District Birthday Party, this year organized by Earley Branch on Saturday, May 23rd, and about 65 members and friends attended. A short service was held at St. Peter's Church and then we all adjourned to the Hall for tea. This was followed by a social evening. Highlights of the programme were: A Brains Trust, the panel consisting of members from different districts: Henley, Maidenhead, Reading and Earley; Erica Trevelyan Lee in the Chair; and a talk, illustrated by slides, given by M. G. V. Rickards on a trip he and other Rotarians made by coach to Moscow.

OBERAMMERGAU, 1960. A party for men and women is being arranged leaving London on the 21st May, visiting the Tyrol, and after the stay in Oberammergau, returning via Khel or Offenburg; approximate cost for fourteen days 34 guineas. For details write to: "Oberammergau", Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

**WE'RE NOT MIND-READERS SO WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING UNLESS YOU
KEEP US UP TO DATE: PLENTY IS
GOING ON—LET US KNOW ABOUT IT!**

CAR IN THE FAMILY? Yvette J. Frymann, Nottingham Branch, writes: I am lucky to have a car of my own and can arrange my household chores so that I can get out in an afternoon. I have a rota of four disabled people whom I take out in turn, once every three weeks, so that each goes out every twelve weeks; for some of them, that is the only time they can go beyond the confines of their home. I know I give them great pleasure, but I always receive from them far more than I can give. If you think this is a good idea and don't know the address of your local Cripples' Guild, the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, 34 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, will give it to you. Send a stamped, self-addressed answer for their reply.

"JAN SHEPPARD, of the travelling staff, was loaned to the Oxford and Thames Valley Area during February, March and April of this year, and it would be hard to put down on paper all that she has given to Toc H during this time. Branches have been helped to find the deeper meaning of the Movement through her talks and the ensuing discussions, and we owe her our most sincere thanks for all the work she put in for our benefit". *Quote from North and East Midlands News Letter.*

"We mentioned **HORSLEY** as a possible new start in the last News Letter. Those interested are going to link up with the Toc H Branch already in existence to form a Joint Branch! It is hoped to form a Branch at Patcham (Brighton), and the first contacts are being made. We are sorry to record that Chichester Branch has closed. This is owing to increasing age and ill health among members and to removal from the city. It is hoped to make a new start among younger folk later on". *Quote from Southern Region News Letter.*

INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAY. A member living in Parkstone, Dorset, offers the use of her bungalow with large double bedroom, a double convertible bed in lounge, dining-room and large kitchen, all electric.

Charges: one person £1. 15s. od. per week, two persons £3. os. od. per week, two adults and two children £4. 10s. od. per week.

Prices would be reduced a little for anyone in real need. Write to Mrs. Blackabey, 20 Berkeley Avenue, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset, for full details.

~~~~~  
We are asked to remind you of this notice that appeared in the last number and to say that the offer still holds. Write for terms. Weston-super-Mare, "ROSEMARY", 27 OAKFORD AVENUE. Bed and breakfast, high tea if required, or apartments only, in nice locality, car space; a "Toc H" welcome. Visitor's book: "Extremely comfortable, good breakfast, splendid hospitality". Book early (Builder and Member) Mr. and Mrs. D. STICKLAND.  
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BRIGHTON & HOVE: On April 18th, writes Mollie Williams, the members of Brighton and Hove Branches held their fifth annual Guest Afternoon for Builders and friends. The meeting began at three o'clock when afternoon tea was served to between sixty and seventy people. After a short entertainment, the Secretaries gave reports on the activities of their respective Branches, while the Builders' Secretary gave an account of the various ways in which the Builders had supported the Branches during the year. This last report was helpful and enlightening as, apart from the money which the Builders donate to the Movement, we feel that they are an important part of Branch life and we, therefore, endeavour to maintain an active link with as many as possible. The Guest Speaker was Kathleen Owen, who told us about her recent visit to Africa. A vote of thanks on behalf of the guests was given by a member of Brighton Toc H. Family Prayers were led by a Builder.

HARPENDEN: F. S. Horn writes, on April 18th the Harpenden Branch of BELRA held a fair in the Public Hall and Toc H men and women of Harpenden gave their support. The women supplied and ran a Pound Stall. And as a sideline our Jobbie—Connie Fuller—served soft drinks. Another member, Margaret Lavocat, made a Dundee cake for a guess-the-weight competition. This was won by Kathleen Kirby, a Barnet member, who had a handkerchief stall; Lily Holdway made a basket to hold fruit, one of the prizes in a raffle I organized, Stall and soft drinks made £10. 19s. 0d.; cake-guessing competition made £2. 8s. 3d.; raffle, £8. 8s. 5d.; handkerchief stall, £9. 12s. 0d. Altogether £181 was sent to BELRA headquarters

THE NEXT COURSE organised by the National Old Peoples Welfare Council to train Matrons and Assistant Matrons for work in old peoples homes begins on September 14th and lasts until December 23rd, 1959.



MICHAELMAS DAY—September 29th. All Branches and Members are asked to book this date in their diaries. The leaflets are now ready.



*Picture taken at Harpenden during the Belra Fair
(Reproduced by courtesy of Home Counties Newspapers Ltd., Luton)*

SPALDING AND DISTRICT members held their third Gala on Whit-Monday last. The Gala was officially opened by Mrs. Diana Chudley, author of "The More the Merrier", along with Diana came her husband and six young children. We found the whole family a sheer joy. They arrived in the much travelled "Chud-bus", and this item was quite an attraction in itself as it took the whole Chudley family to America last year. Another major attraction was the Baseball Match between U.S.A. Alconbury and U.S.A. Chicksands, which seemed to interest the male visitors to the Gala. There were the usual Stalls and Sideshows, Children's Sports and the day was rounded off with a Barbecue.

THOUGHTS ON CORNEAL GRAFTING

*I like to think that when I die
Some blinded one will use my eye
And see again; that when I'm gone
My "service" still will carry on.
Had I a coat I'd wear no more
With buttons that a friend longed for—
At death that's all my eyes will be,
Just buttons no more use to me,
That I can give to help someone
When all my other "jobs" are done.*

F. MILLAN
(Carshalton and Wallington Branch)

You've heard it all before . . .

BETTY C. BURKE always has something interesting to say and a vigorous way of saying it: here she tells you something about The Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick, whose founder is Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.:

IF ever any venture was built solely on the Four Points of the Compass surely the Cheshire Foundation Homes stand out as a glorious example. In May, 1948, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., came across an old man dying of cancer whom no one wanted and who was about to be discharged from hospital. After trying in vain for somewhere else for him to go the Group Captain took him into his own home and looked after him until he died. Yes, you've read it all before in the Gospel of St. Luke, chapter X, verses 30—35.

While this was happening, other cases came to light and the Group Captain began to look for accommodation for these lost ones. Miraculously he was enabled to take possession of housing and those other necessities for a job which might well have daunted him, but by faith alone all things were added unto him and his faithful band of helpers. Now there are 14 Cheshire Homes in England, 6 in India and 1 in Singapore. After loving widely and witnessing humbly he has built bravely.

THESE Homes have not developed to a pre-conceived plan but just as and where desperate need has been found and where accommodation has been available. In many cases historic houses which have come into the market have been acquired. The patients in all these homes are those for whom nothing further can be done by the hospitals.

A feature which brings in the last point of the Compass—to think fairly—is that all the Cheshire Homes are undenominational.

As far as finance is concerned, each Home is self-supporting. The whole venture is a private one and not state owned. In the majority of cases Local Authorities or Regional Hospital Boards contribute to patients' fees but no one would be turned away if unable to pay. Even so, staff has to be paid, houses maintained, and all the expenses of running homes of this type have to be found. Subscriptions or donations are always welcome and are always needed. Apart from money there are endless ways of helping such as visiting patients, taking them out and writing letters for them; looking after the chapels, helping in the garden or in the home with domestic work; helping in the office.

If you would like to know more about this wonderful work, or you would like a speaker for your Branch meeting, write to the Secretary of the home nearest you or to Miss M. S. Mason, 7 Market Mews, London, W.1.

EYE BEQUESTS

A. B. S. MACFIE writes a short article to deal with some of the questions you may have faced about the right attitude of mind on this subject

IT has been most interesting to come back to England after a seven-months absence and to find what has moved, what has stood still, what has even disappeared from view and attention. Among the things which have moved is the job which we took on 2-3 years ago about Eye Bequests, whereby we may help to give sight to someone else who is blind—and this by a gift which costs the donor nothing.

I think that we have done well in this, though our efforts have not always been well directed, and I would like, through THE LOG to answer some of the questions which have arisen in people's minds and to help them to think clearly and sensibly on the subject.

In the first place—and most important too—is there still a need for such bequests? The answer here is *yes*. The need varies in different parts of the country, but in London and South East England, for instance, “the need is a constant one” and “the amount of donor material available for corneal grafting falls far short of the required amount”. In other places there is a need though not always so great.

Some Branches have arranged meetings at which an ophthalmic surgeon has talked to members and friends about Corneal Grafting, or shown a film of the operation and has explained the way in which bequests are dealt with. This is often a better plan than trying to arrange a public meeting which is apt to become emotional or to leave a wrong impression in people's minds. We must remember that a big campaign is *not* wanted by anyone. What *is* wanted is quiet infiltration of the right ideas about the whole business. There *is* a need, and we *can* help. How?

What then can we do besides winning our own relations round to agree to the bequest of our own eyes (and this may not always be easy)? We can make the need known; we can give *correct* information about how to meet it; we can see that people know about it long before they go into hospital so that if that happens they are ready to make the offer; we can be as matter-of-fact about it as we are about giving a pint of blood when asked by the B.T.S.

An eye surgeon in the North writes: “I do not think a big campaign is necessary. If we can make known the possibility of bequeathing the eye so that it becomes an accepted and almost routine matter, the supply should be adequate for all needs”. This is what we should be doing.

Our memorandum gives most of the facts but if there are any further queries please write and ask me.

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING

AS "Better Drivers" week came to an end, we in Devon had a "Better Members" week-end.

It took, for us, a new form. Branches in the S. and E. and Torbay Districts were to provide the matter, and were to send to me beforehand questions and subjects for discussion. These arrived, true to S.W. habit, at the last minute, when one would normally have given up hope! They were wide and varied, covering practically every aspect of Toc H life, questions on our faith, problems and needs of our present generation and where we fit into the scheme of things. We sorted them out under headings, and dealt with them in open and group discussion, sometimes in lively argument. There was no need to get people talking. Some questions required hard thinking, which ought to be continued in Branch and District if justice is to be done.

We lived together, during this time, in a noble Devon mansion which boasts a Queen Adelaide Drawing Room, a four-poster bed and a magnificent staircase. We immensely enjoyed our surroundings and the care taken of us by our host and hostesses. We were delighted that the household joined us for our Saturday evening prayers and Sunday morning worship. Those of us who went to Celebration in the nearby eleventh-Century Church were caught up in its peace and tranquillity, and the wonder of the Sacrifice of Love celebrated in this place for so many centuries. Outside, the cuckoo called unceasingly through the misty rain, and the growing lambs fed contentedly alongside their mothers. Our voices and hearts were uplifted again when our Sunday morning's devotions were led by Builder, Miss Hilda French of Exeter, whose talk on "The Kingdom of God" so perfectly expressed her own simple, deep and active Christian faith.

WE continued our deliberations afterwards, with breaks for lunch and tea, and for a time to explore the gay rhododendron garden, and to gaze on the distant splendid view of the sea and coast-line, when the rain has gone over.

Everyone took part, so it is invidious to mention the names of those who took Light, prayers, led group discussions, looked after literature, accompanied hymns and so on, but an exception ought to be made for our charming Chairman, Margaret Wollacott of Crediton. Our final heartfelt praise and thanksgiving to God for a week-end that was challenging and full of high-hearted happiness, were made about 5.30 on Sunday afternoon. Better members? Only time will tell.

A.M.W.

LETTERS



THIS IS WHERE YOU ANSWER
BACK—OR START SOMETHING
GOING!

DEAR EDITOR,

I have been asked by Maidenhead W.A. to let you know of the very successful meeting to publicize Corneal Grafting organized by us, assisted by Maidenhead Toc H, and supported by many local organizations, notably the V.A.D.

This meeting was planned as a direct result of a request made last October to the Oxford and Thames Valley Area Council. May I add that we are by this same post ordering a further 100 Corneal Grafting Leaflets, having already distributed 200.

Obviously we cannot claim that all those taking away a leaflet are potential donors, but we do know that the number is high, and we have forty people now waiting to receive leaflets. Local doctors tell us they also are receiving enquiries.

PEGGY HAWKE
(Burnham)

Extract from a letter to Miss Adams at Crutched Friars House from MISS LOUISE COX a Builder in Teignmouth. She says she "cannot write to two people—it is a big effort now. Tell Barbara Vise I heard her whistle and am sending her £1—I cannot sell tiles unfortunately and am sorry it is only one pound but I'll pray about this great need".

Thank you, Miss Cox for your generous and encouraging gesture and for picking up my whistle to such a happy tune—it cheers my heart.—Editor.

Extract from a letter from a Branch: "May I say how helpful and interesting it was to receive a copy of the Annual Report and Accounts for 1958 in the May—June Log". (Further copies are available at 3d. each from Crutched Friars House).

DEAR EDITOR,

Those naughty *naughty* Branches— a whole lot of them on the Official "Black List" for no Special Effort in 1958. Just fancy not a Jumble Sale, "Bring & Buy", Gala or Bazaar among the lot of them—how *can* they be using their time—and what on earth do they suppose they are in Toc H for?! I think they should be

punished. Put them all in the top tier at the next Albert Hall Festival and there let them meditate on their sins of omission. Incidentally, I suppose none of them could possibly be so out-dated as to imagine that regular personal and *responsible* contributions any longer have much merit or meaning in our Movement?

By the way—is there also a "Black List" of any Branches whose consciences may still be sleeping, for all practical purposes, in regard to the Mentally Afflicted, our Coloured Brethren, Young Folks in Remand Homes, etc? Or does this raise the whole question of relative values in Toc H? But you must excuse me—I'm off to look out some tea-towels—we *may* be having a Bazaar!

LOCKIE

Dear Readers,

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ORDERS—

To Miss W. Adams at Crutched Friars House

MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION—

To the Editor, Barbara Vise,
 Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3

CLOSING DATE FOR COPY:
 JULY 18th, 1959

Miss A. B. S. Macfie, Founder Pilot, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.
 Miss M. Fowler, General Secretary, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.
 Miss M. Turner, M.A., Chaplain, 1 St. Martin's Square, Chichester, Sussex.
 Mrs. D. A. V. Worth, Overseas Secretary, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.
 Mrs. D. A. Sheppard, B.A., Travelling Staff, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.
 Miss H. Benbow, Birthday Scheme Secretary, 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

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c/o Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

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WHAT IS TOC H?

Toc H is a Christian Movement. It is world-wide, interdenominational and welcomes into its life of friendship and service "all sorts and conditions of men".

* * *

"Toc H transcends man-made frontiers. It has a genius for neighbourliness. I think that word has a special meaning for us today, for nothing has greater value than the spirit which has been called 'the habit of happiness'. It is a spirit which breathes enthusiasm—the spirit of adventure."

(H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER on the occasion of the Women's Association Festival 1952).

* * *

"The Christian body was never meant to be a club of saints loving one another, but a company of adventurers loving everybody."
(PRYOR GRANT).

* * *

"To conquer hate would be to end the strife of all the ages, but for men to know one another is not difficult, it is half the battle."
(BARCLAY BARON).

* * *

"Toc H is an experiment in Christian evangelism and in Christian community. Much of its success lies in the recognition that many men need Christian fellowship before they can understand Christian worship."

(DR. GEOFFREY FISHER,
Archbishop of Canterbury).